

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION

Tuesday, October 17. 1710.

IF Our present Elections were not carried on a Way different from all, that in our Age, has gone before them; if they were not carried in a manner, contrary to the Nature of the Thing, against declar'd express Law, contrary to the Queen's desire; a Way, all Honest Men are ashamed of, and most good Men dread the Consequence of, I should have held my Peace.

I am not apt to be Phlegmatick upon the Point of Parties; I have seen a *Tory* Party uppermost before now, and I have seen a *Whig* Party uppermost, and I never saw either of them Guilty, of taking Mea-

sures that were likely to support them, or to keep the Staff when they had it: These were too softly, those too hard; these too slow, those too swift; these too hot, those too cold; a middle Way never yet could be pitch'd upon by either, tho' that middle Way only, is capable of preserving them: The *Tory* Party never had it, but by pushing at all, they lost all; driving at wild Extreams, they lost what they had got, like the Dog in the Fable: The *Whigs* never had it, but by narrow Principles, divided Interests, and unactive Negligence, they lost it again; and thus it is now.

But

But be not frighted at all this, for my part, tho' I am for doing our utmost, to Choose Men of Calm Heads, Moderate Principles, and *first-Rate Sense*, yet if I fail, and you are to have a House-full of Tories, I am not afraid — Pray let us Expostulate a little with those People, who are dejected at these Things — You have been Choosing Members, pray remember, it is Members not for a Bear-Garden, but for a Parliament; tho' you have Mob'd us in Choosing, your Choice will not be Mob; tho' we are all Mob without, they will not be a Mob within — They will be a Parliament, a Representative, a Body of Men entrusted with the Liberties of the Nation, and in whom, the Hope of this Nation, and it's Safety, has always been plac'd.

If you think it possible, that what you think, will carry your Cause without Doors, viz. Tumult, Riot, Noise, and Violence, shall carry it within, you will be all mistaken, and that in the grossest manner possible; they are sent thither to Preserve, to Support, and to add additional Works of Strength to the Constitution — They may go some lengths that we would be glad to avoid; they may come into some Measures, that we would wish they would not, but they are within the great Circle of the Constitution, and they cannot go out of that Compass.

If some Mad Men, if some furious Spirits should get in, and any wild Thing should be started, any Extravagance mov'd, they will always lose it among themselves — There will be always some to restrain others — Moderation was never quite excluded those Walls, since I remember any thing — Nay, the greater Extravagancies some hot Spirits may Attempt to run into, the sooner they will meet with Contradiction, even among themselves — Suppose them all Tories, *which we are satisfy'd they are not*, yet even these Tories will not all go the same length — There are Tories of various sorts, as well as Whigs — There are pious, serious, deluded Tories, God knows, few is the Tale of them; there are Politick Tories, and Im-

politick, Fool Tories, Knave Tories, *wou'd-be-Tories*, *led-by-the-Nose-Tories*; there are *Good-natur'd Tories*, they are few in Number too — And there are *Red-hot Tories*, Mad Cut-Throat Bloody Tories, when ever these last get the Game in their Hands, they generally spoil it, they run at all, play off all their Trumps, and spoil their Game, no Gamester in his Wits, can play to their Hand — They will by their Hair-brain'd Methods, ruin all the rest, and run upon all the Extreams fatal to themselves, as well as to others.

If they think I wrong them, let them tell me, when ever they did otherwise; for my part, if we were to have the Administration delegated to Mad Men, I should think it only the nearer a Revolution, and therefore, speaking of the Parliament, I wonder at the Apprehensions of our People — I shall State it in a few General Heads — According to the present State of Things, and what People promise themselves, or fright themselves with, in the Affair of a Parliament.

Parliaments, as they happen to be Chosen by this or that Party among us, may be capable of these several Characters.

If we had a Moderate Temper among us, we might have a Moderate Parliament.

If the Whigs prevail'd, we should have a Low-Church Parliament.

If some Warmer Men had the Leading, we should have a Hot-Whig Parliament.

If we are over rul'd by the Noise, Mob, Rabble, and Fury of the High-Flying Party, we may have a Hot, Tory, Tacking Parliament.

Well, Gentlemen, and what shall our Temper be, upon the Supposition of these four? I'll tell you my Thoughts, no Man is bound to think as I do, nor has any Man

a Right to oblige me to think as he pleases ; my Opinion, in short, is this.

If we have a Tory, High-flying Parliament, we Tories are undone.

If we have a Hot Whig Parliament — We Whigs are undone.

Mad Men among us on either Side, never brought Things to any Perfection; *Bedlam* neither made any Laws ; Men without Heads, and Heads without Thought, never came to any Thing.

The Circumstances of Things are now Chang'd, the Publick Affairs have taken a new turn; the Tories think their Knave is a Trump; the Whigs throw up the Cards, and cry they are lost — And 'tis plain, both are mistaken — Pray, Gentlemen, you that run away with every Thing, as if it was all your own, do you think to Act within the House, as you do without ? — Do you think the Representatives of *Britain* can, like the Electors, turn all their Methods into Shout and Huzza ? — Tho' *Bedlam* is the Play, the House of Commons is not the Stag, nor will your Representatives be the Actors.

Upon this Notion 'tis my Opinion, the Tories will be more mistaken in this Parliament, than ever they were in any Parliament of their own Choosing, in the World — They have Politickly screw'd up the poor Common People to Rabbles and Mobs, against the very Constitution they are built upon; and other heights they have in View; but nothing is so essentially simple in all their Conduct, as the expecting the Parliament should run on in the same Follies — The Mob, Hare-brain'd and Exasperated to Madness, and Fury, tearing one another to pieces, and Raving as if they would pull the Town about their Ears — What do they hope for ? What can be the View ? Can the Parliament Act like this ? Can the Temper of Rabbling come within those Walls ? — Can you think a House of Commons can either *Act* like this, or approve this ? —

No, no; the Hour they did, the very Being and Nature of Parliaments would Commence its Destruction — Rabble and Mob is the Destruction of Government — Law dies, and Justice Vanishes, when Tumult and Violence prevails — The Parliament let them be what you please, cannot stand by you in these Things, the Consequence will certainly be your own Mortification.

It is a Melancholly Thing, I confess, to see the People thus possess'd with a State Frenzy ; to see Mankind run Mad, and Court their own Destruction ; and speaking of the Common People of *England*, who never were thus blinded before, I am, and cannot but be moved to Pity them — But if we talk of the Event of Things — I must own, I see clear through it, and must say to them, Go on, Gentlemen, *the worse the better*; two sorts of People do the Whigs Work..

1. The Men of Sense and Temper, who by Moderate Counsels, and Sedate, Wise, Conduct, set Things upon a right Foot ; and
2. The Men of Fire and Fury, who turn the World upside down, and drive Things on like Mad Men ; who turn all down, till at last they turn themselves down — And that will be the End of it all.

Now go on, Gentlemen, and when you have Voted for Drunkards, Assassins, and the declared Friends of the Pretender, whom Heaven in all your Madacts, is kinder to you than to let you Choose — And I wonder Mr. *Damarie*, and Mr. *Purchase*, the two Heads of the Rabble, have not been yet put up Candidates, to Represent the Mobs they led on, to the Plunder of the *Dissenters*.

Never let the Tories expect, that Settlement and Quiet can come out of Tumult and Violence.

A D V E R.

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Printed for and sold by John Baker at the Black Boy in
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